

A TRIP
BEYOND
THE ROCKIES.

BY T. P. POWELL.



FROM
MONTREAL
TO
SAN FRANCISCO
ACROSS CANADIAN TERRITORY.

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T. P. POWELL.

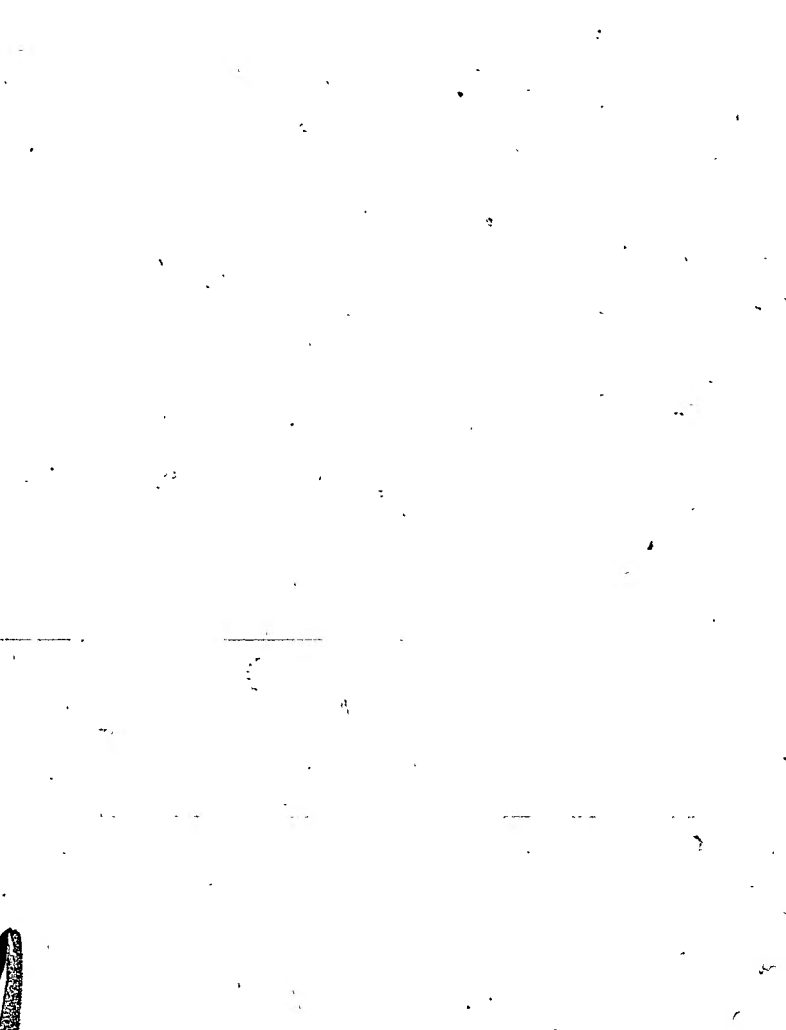
MONTREAL, May, 1887.

PREFACE.

The following pages, briefly describing some of the principal scenes presented to my view, were written from notes made during a trip from Montreal to California, via British Columbia, during a period of eight weeks, covering about 8,000 miles. It was not my original intention to publish them ; but, since my return to Montreal, I have been asked by several friends to give them, in book form, information of what I had seen. This I offer as the sole apology for my first appearance in print.

While I claim no merit for this work, I believe that it may prove of some interest, and I am convinced that the realizations of the visitor will far exceed his anticipations.

T. P. P.



EIGHT THOUSAND MILES

IN

EIGHT WEEKS.

"All aboard for Vancouver and British Columbia!" We started on time, but there were few passengers for British Columbia. About 10 p.m. my fellow travellers began crossing their seats in order to sleep for the night, in the first-class car. The second-class car had very comfortable berths to lie down upon, and there was a sleeper for those who chose to pay extra. After settling down comfortably for the night, or rather having made our preparations, we arrived at Ottawa about half past eleven. A short delay ensued, and we again started. All was quiet until we reached Carleton Junction, where a number of passengers got on board. The conductor here gave each one a ticket for his hat, so that he need not wake up during the night. About six a.m. the passengers began to stir; there was a general pulling themselves together, and those who had been provided with soap and towels had a refreshing wash. Many got out their food baskets and began breakfast before day-break.

October 30th. The morning opened frosty and thick with a grey fog, but it turned out a beautiful day. From 7 to 11 a.m. we never lost sight of water. Sometimes it was a little river, and at another there was a sheet; yet, as far as the eye could reach, a considerable proportion of the land was rocky. Many trees had been cut down around the stations, and a number of new houses were being erected in this vicinity. The land continued to be rocky during the entire day's journey, and the opinion generally expressed was one of regret that so many valuable trees had been cut down or burned to make way for the track, no economical ideas having prevailed with respect to the utilization of the lumber. I must have seen thousands of trees thus left on the ground to rot. Near the track, and alongside it, ran what will be understood when I call it a corduroy road. It is called the toll road, and was built in order to transport provisions to the men working on the line. We crossed more than a dozen rivers, and were seldom far from water. About 9 p.m. we began to make ourselves comfortable for the night, having by this time got quite familiar with each other, and chosen our own associates.

Sunday morning, at about four o'clock, I awoke, the train being at a stand-still, and saw a bonfire on each side of us. We stayed two hours on tressel work, and when I looked down I saw a car without wheels, and standing at the door a lady dressed as if ready for church, although

there was no church within hundreds of miles. At this place a bad accident occurred about a week previous. The scenery has changed ; the day is beautiful and fine, without frost. When crossing a large bridge, we saw a number of strange looking dwellings, some of cotton or canvas ; also a ferry. The river and scenery are very pretty.

At 7 a.m. we arrived at Heron Bay. Soon after leaving we saw water, which we discovered was Lake Superior. We kept in sight of it until we reached Port Arthur, where we arrived after passing around curves and through heavy stone cuttings of the most massive description. We also went through a series of small tunnels, and over many small bridges and tressel work. At Port Arthur we saw a steam canal boat belonging to a Montréal line, and one of the C.P.R. steamships. Port Arthur is a place of some importance. It was Sunday, and all the places were closed ; but I noticed a number of new buildings, and was surprised to see so large a place. We only saw one cow and a few pigs, but not a single field was visible during a distance of 600 miles. Some of the passengers said they had seen a horse, but I did not. I saw a number of railway cars turned into dwelling houses, the women and children being apparently quite at home—I must have seen twenty or thirty of these during the day. After leaving Port Arthur, the land began to look poorer and more like prairie ; the trees became smaller and not so thick,

We made ourselves comfortable for the night, and after a good sleep awoke at about 5 a.m. the following morning.

Monday, 1st November. The land was quite flat and looked better. We saw a few small farms as we were getting near Winnipeg, where we soon after arrived. A new train was made up during a wait of about forty minutes; two gentlemen and I, therefore, agreed to stay over one day to see the place. I took a walk to the end of Main Street, which is wide, well made, and has some very fine buildings on it. It is a mile long, and the road is made by block-like piles driven into the ground. Winnipeg is a large place, and is lit by electric light. The Police appear to be a fine body, and are dressed in English uniforms. Having visited the chief places and buildings, I crossed the Red River to St. Boniface, which is a small French city, forming a very great contrast to Winnipeg, just opposite. All the stores were closed, it being All Saints' Day. I went to the French Cathedral in the afternoon. St. Boniface is far inferior to Winnipeg, to which I returned, by another bridge, at about 5 p.m. I spent the evening with friends from Montreal, and was, on the whole, quite pleased with the place. The 24-hour system is used here; five cents is the smallest coin in use; some things are very cheap, hotels are very moderate, and living, on the whole, as cheap as at Montreal. After retiring early I rose at 8 a.m., and went out to purchase provisions for use on the train.

We left Winnipeg at 9.40 on *Tuesday, Nov. 2nd*. About 20 miles out small farms were to be seen, and the track was fenced in. At about 65 miles west of Winnipeg the country became woody, and rabbits, prairie hens, pheasants, hawks, etc., were seen. The bush was soon left behind, and the land began to assume a rolling appearance. At Cadbury we stopped for dinner. The town contains two hotels and about a dozen stores. An Indian was leaning against a store door. The waggons had oxen instead of horses. After passing Brandon we saw the first Indian encampment, near the river. Their ponies were roaming near by, and their strange looking tents were black with smoke. We saw a prairie fire, and the appearance of the land indicated that there had been fires all over. I discovered that our passengers were more numerous west of Winnipeg than east, yet distance is very deceiving on the prairies. There was no dining car attached to our train. To-day, I have thrown in my lot with two gentlemen, going to the end of the journey.

Brandon seemed to be a good-sized place. We stopped there to change engines, and I had time to call and see a friend. Before reaching Virden station we passed a large Indian encampment, and at that station saw a number of Indians loitering around. Three more prairie fires were burning, one close to the track. At Moosomin the Mounted Police came through the car, and continued to do so at every station we stopped at during the night.

Indians offered buffalo horns, nicely polished, for \$1.50 to \$2 a pair. The land is bad, with no growth of any kind. We passed Regina during the night.

On *Wednesday, Nov. 3rd*, we were passing through prairie, the land being slightly hilly, with no growth. We saw some lakes, with a great number of wild ducks and geese, but nothing to be seen save buffalo bones scattered all around, and at the stations great heaps of them were collected. Buffalo paths and Indian trails could be seen. At Maple Creek, several Indians—some painted—came down from their encampment, which we had seen, to sell buffalo horns. Each of the Indians held up a finger to mean that they asked \$1 when 50c was offered; one held up 3 fingers, to say that he would take 75c. Soon after a Moose was seen; I also saw another. They asked here 5c each for apples. At Cadbury they were 5c a lb. At midday the wind blew a hurricane, which was terrible. We went miles and miles, seeing nothing but water stations to supply the engines, until we came to Medicine Hat, which is a strange looking place. As we approached I could see Indians, wrapped in blankets of all colors, coming towards the station with horns to sell. One gentleman bought a beauty for a dollar, said to be worth \$5 at Winnipeg; a painted squaw was also selling. After crossing the river, we saw the Police barracks. Near the first switch we came to about a dozen men running across the prairie towards us, waving their

hats, and shouting to us to stop. I went out to see what was the matter. One said "that we were going to be attacked by Indians, and they had come to warn us." Men working in a gravel pit came to tell us that a car had been blown on our line. Our engine went to put it out of the way. The wind rattled our windows, which caused some excitement. The country was quite flat, and there was nothing to see but the trail of the buffalo. About 8 o'clock I saw a large fire, which was near Crowfoot's reservation, about 3 miles from Crowfoot Station. The next station was Gleichen, where General Strange's ranch is. Most of the country here is used for ranches, but we could see no cattle; they said they were down in the valleys. The day was very fine. We soon got ready for our night's rest, but were told that we would be in sight of the Rockies at 12 o'clock, midnight.

Thursday, November 4, we were awake, and at six a.m. at Field station. After going up grade for 50 miles, we descended for 8 miles, and arrived, at break of day, in the most picturesque spot I ever saw. We were miles above the sea level, and yet at the foot of large high mountains, with snow on their tops. The mountains threw out different shades of color as daylight appeared, and in the gloom we could see the lights in the windows of a new hotel, the only building in sight; and in a very pretty situation—one of the most fairy-like scenes imagin-

able. This is Kicking Horse Pass, and the beginning of 600 miles of mountains that we have to go through. There are three other passes in the mountains—namely, Selkirk, Gold Range and Cascade. As between here and the next pass the scenery is very grand, I got on the engine, and had a comfortable seat. We crossed Kicking Horse river nine times, and went through a number of tunnels. All the mountains were covered with snow. It was a fine day, but we were told that it had snowed all yesterday, and that there was hardly a clear day. The mountains are all wooded. Two rivers start near here; one flows into the Atlantic and the other into the Pacific. The latter is a mighty river. Wild goats are plentiful on the mountains, and land-slides take place very often. When the engine went East it struck a boulder, and when I was on the engine I saw men taking a large tree off the track, that had fallen since the last train had passed. I cannot describe the scenery, it was so beautiful; and thus we went along to Donald, where we changed engines. Donald has about a hundred houses, roughly built of lumber, nearly all one storey high. We next went up to a very great height, and as we ascended the scenery got awfully grand. One of the passengers said, "look here," and another would say, "look there;" and as we went over the highest bridge in the world, 275 feet high, all the passengers got out on the platform to see the sights. About here the snow sheds begin. We were

now passing through the "Selkirk Pass." The highest mountain in this range is "Carl." When we were at the highest point we looked up, and were told that the mountain we were looking at was a mile higher than we were, perpendicularly over us. We afterwards crossed the Illecillevert river thirteen times. I saw hundreds of mountain tops covered with snow, too grand to describe; and as we came down-grade, where the railway makes a loop, all the passengers seemed to call out "Oh! Oh! is it not fine?" The trees are of immense size—red cedar and pine.

We crossed the Columbia River twice, the last time the stream was half a mile wide. At one place we looked down into a deep canyon, about 200 feet below us, where we saw running water, which was a grand sight. When we got to the Glacier Hotel, we stopped for dinner. As the Hotel building had not been finished, a dining car on the siding had its place. There were about six inches of snow on the ground. We made a visit to the only building, which has just been erected here, close to the foot of the Glacier Mountain, which is covered over with ice all the year. This is the only place where we saw snow on the track. We soon got into the Gold Range. These mountains are not so steep as the others. As we went down the trees got larger. A number of Chinamen were working on the sections. The mountains are of different shape and color, but evening came and hid from us the rest of the

scenery. We passed through another range, the Cascade, which has higher mountains than the Gold Range. I never expect to see so much again as I saw to-day; the beauty and glory of the scene was remarkable.

Friday, Nov. 5th. We were still running along the mountains, the trees being of immense size—the foliage quite green, as in Ontario two months earlier. We went through a number of tunnels. The scene was somewhat changed, yet it was beautiful to look at. As we got to the Fraser River small farms were seen, and the low lands of the mountains were very pretty, situated as they were on both sides of the river. About 8 a.m. we arrived at Yale, which is a very picturesque place, surrounded by mountains. Several small orchards were seen as we left Yale; also a great number of Chinamen, and some Indians. We passed some small farms, the cattle on which were out grazing. We ran beside four large lakes, stocked with water fowl, within seven miles of Port Moody. A branch train here runs into New Westminster, a distance of eight miles. Port Moody is a village of only a few houses, some of which are not finished and never will be, as the place is dead. At the wharf there were a couple of ships, while our steamer, the “Princess Louise,” was noticed coming, and soon we got on board. This is a very fine harbour, and on the other side of it is Moodyville, a pretty village, containing saw mills; and ships were loading lumber. After calling at Moody-

ville we crossed back to Vancouver, a distance of fourteen miles from Port Moody, and in the same bay. The scenery of the mountains is very fine. After securing hotel accommodation, we took a look around, and saw a large sturgeon, $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and weighing 300 pounds. Pears were sold at 3 lbs. for 2 bits, dates 30 cts. per lb., and wild geese 50 cts. each. This is a busy place. There is much building going on, and the land is being cleared to make room for building purposes. The roads are of wood, and so are all the buildings. The C.P.R. are putting up a large hotel. Hotel accommodation is not very dear, on which account all the folks live in hotels. I put up at the "Regina." There is here a heavy rainfall, owing to the proximity of the mountains, numbers of which can be seen with snow on their peaks. I found the place very muddy, particularly where the streets are not finished. There is very little snow, but the cold, however, goes sometimes to zero for a few days. The steamer for Victoria calls daily, except on Mondays; the distance is 65 miles, and the full fare \$3. Chinese cooks are employed in all the hotels. I saw a Chinese doctor's place; and a number of Chinese do all kinds of work and keep stores. One day is enough to see all there is here. Numbers of people were fishing on the wharf. Two young men whom I saw told me they had been clerks in Montreal, but were now using the pick and shovel, and intended to return to that

city as soon as they had money enough to pay their way.

After staying one day here we took the steamer for Victoria, and sailed out of the finest harbour in the world. Sea gulls and wild ducks are to be seen in great numbers. The mountains in Washington Territory are to be seen tolerably plainly. I saw a comparatively small whale spouting water. In the month of December the whales come into this harbour to breed. About half-past nine o'clock we saw the lights of the city of Victoria, and soon after arrived at that place, which is the chief town in British Columbia. We took up quarters at the Ideal House. On Sunday morning I took a walk as far as Esquimalt, where a fine dry dock-yard has been built. I then walked back, and visited the Chinese quarters and their temple. There are about 4,000 Chinese here, whom I went to visit several times, once to see a ceremony designed to drive away the devil. Victoria has a population of about 10,000; it is chiefly built on the sea shore, and has several bridges to cross the inlets. Most of the cottages in the suburbs are very pretty, and have nice flower gardens, which blossom nearly the whole year round. A number of them were made ready for spring. The coast is rocky. The drives out of the city are very pretty, and along them rose bushes are to be seen. Beacon Hill Park, which is very fine, is an elevated plateau near the sea. Five cents is the

smallest coin in use. If you ask the price of anything it is so many "bits," which are equal to $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents. An Indian reservation has been established near. They are called the "Siquams," and are the ugliest Indians that can be imagined (see Appendix). Many of them are to be seen in Victoria, which is, on the whole, a very pretty place, has some very decent stores, and several fine streets a few blocks in length. The climate is very regular. The houses have no double windows or blinds. They call us Eastern people, and say we come from Canada. They are very English in their manners, and very independent. The harbour is a fine one, and a good deal of shipping goes on. A steamer leaves once a week (every Saturday) for San Francisco and California, and I left on the S.S. "Mexican" on *Saturday*, the 13th *November*.

We started at 9 o'clock at night. It was moonlight. The steamer is like an ocean and river boat. We had about 100 cabin and 150 steerage passengers on board. The cabin is very comfortable, and the table is well supplied.

On *Sunday morning* we were out on the Pacific Ocean, which was quite calm; this steamer, however, is a bad one to roll. The wind being in our favour, we passed the mouth of the Columbia River at 11 a.m. There were no signs of it being Sunday, the only reminder being a notice that no card playing was allowed. It was a delightfully warm day, and very few people were sick; the night was lovely, with a full moon and warm breeze.

On *Monday morning*, the wind being in our favour, we got opposite California about 10 a.m., and began to keep nearer the shore. There was a steamer in sight. The mountains got lower as we went along, and sea gulls followed us all the way; the day was all we could desire, with another beautiful night.

Tuesday was warm. We had about 50 Chinese on board, who were going to China, and intended to return. Gulls, ducks, fish eagles, divers and pelicans (I did not see the pelicans), were to be seen; we also encountered a large whale, and there were jelly-fish in abundance. As we neared San Francisco several vessels and steamers were to be seen; and at 4 p.m. we steamed into the Golden Gate, passing the sand banks, forts and lighthouses, and arrived at the wharf at 5 p.m., where the Customs' Officers examined our baggage. As the city is built on hills, we had a good view of it as we came up the harbour, which is a very fine one, with a great deal of shipping frequenting it.

San Francisco, 16th November. After finding a comfortable place to stay at, we went out to see the city, which has a population of about 300,000. The Palace Hotel is the finest one I ever visited; the sidewalks are of marble and very wide; but the buildings are too close to it. The street cars that run the hills—this being a very hilly city—are worked by a cable; the car that has the grip is half the size of the closed car, and has outside seats. On some

lines the two cars are made into one. There was a tree about 6 or 7 feet high, bearing lovely fuschias, in the front of the house I stayed at; and the garden in rear contained some beautiful flowers. Palm trees and calla lilies are quite common.

On the 17th *November* we went for a drive to the Golden Gate Park. It was most refreshing to see flowers of all kinds, and the roses in particular were very fine. The trees and grass were as we have them in the summer months, except that they did not look so fresh as with us. Vegetables, such as lettuce, radishes, etc., grow all the year round. The finest grapes can be bought here at 25c. per box of 25 lbs., and they make very fine wine, which is sold cheap. Most of the wine is made about 60 miles from San Francisco. In the evening we went to a lecture at the Y.M.C.A. rooms; they have a fine building, and the Association is in a flourishing condition.

On the 18th *November* I made a return visit to the Park, taking the cable car. The distance is four miles, and the fare five cents. As I looked at the flowers, I saw some butterflies and bees. I visited the conservatories, which are particularly nice. One feature of considerable interest was the Holy Ghost plant, which was in flower (See Appendix). They have one house for ferns and another for water lilies. I saw some fine banana trees, with their leaves twelve feet long, and large bunches of fruit growing on them. A great number of calla lilies were growing outside,

near the ponds. The drives are very fine, and the mottoes made of flowers are exceedingly pretty. The race-course is quite near the Park, and here some horse-racing was going on. When going to the Park I saw a large balloon being filled with gas, and when in the Park saw it up in the air with two men in it. A Chinaman was hanged here to-day for murder; and there are now twenty murderers on trial in the city.

Saturday, November 20th. It rained in the morning, but in the afternoon cleared up. On my asking for 5c worth of the finest grapes, I was given three beautiful large bunches, as much as three persons could eat. All round the city were notices, "Strawberries and cream, ten cents!"

On *Sunday, November 21st*, I made a trip across to Oakland, on the other side the Bay. The boats are large and elegantly furnished; it takes fifteen minutes to cross, and the fare is fifteen cents. Two boats cross every half hour. After crossing, I took the train to East Oakland, about 8 miles; this train goes through the streets, and any one can ride on it free. Hundreds got on and off, as it stopped every mile or so. The population on this side is about 40,000, including that of the suburb of Alameda.

Visiting a friend who has a fine garden, he told his boy to gather me a few violets, of which he gave me a large bunch. I saw geraniums growing the height of five or six

feet. Most of the houses here have large lots attached to them, in which they cultivate flowers. Returning to San Francisco, I went to the Congregational Church, which is a very nice building, and was fairly full. Solos were sung, and a lecture was given by the minister.

Monday, November 22nd. After dinner I went on a cable car to the Golden Gate Park, and then got on a train for the beach, the fare to which is 5c. on each, or 10c. for the 8 miles. The scenery is very fine; one side is high stone cliffs, and on the other side the land is quite low. The sand was quite warm. We came across a lot of jelly-fish, and found some pretty shells and stones. The large boulders and rocks were covered with mussels and periwinkles. We climbed up to the Cliff House Hotel, and then went up to the top of the hill, where we found an inclosure, with a fence 40 feet high, surrounding many acres of land, with a great number of statues, nice walks, and an abundance of flowers. A fine conservatory, with banana trees, etc., is also here. The place is owned by a private gentleman, and admittance is free. From this elevated site a fine view of the sea can be had. As we were coming down we heard a great noise, which came from about 200 seals on a rock, nearly 200 feet out in the sea. There they gather nightly, and make a terrible noise as they fight for the best places. I wondered why people did not shoot them; but as they belonged to the city no one would be allowed to do so.

Tuesday, November 23rd. We made a visit around the docks to the vessels, a number of which were unloading lumber brought from the State of Oregon. I then went to visit the dry dock, and a vessel in it, which was lowered with the dock into the sea until she was afloat. The process only took a few minutes.

Wednesday, November 24th. I stayed in the city, and visited the different stores and markets. Many people were carrying home turkeys ready for Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday, November 25th. Thanksgiving Day. I went out early to visit the beach; it was grand to see the tide coming in. Persons who had seen it many times told me that they had never seen it so grand before. After gathering some shells, we returned to town, and, on our way back, encountered thousands. I then went by invitation to a French restaurant for my Thanksgiving dinner, and then visited the Mercantile Library, which is the finest in the State. After going to the Baldwin Hotel, in the evening I visited the Baldwin Théâtre, to see Florence in "No Thoroughfare." A number of the business houses were closed, and most of the churches had morning service.

Friday, November 26th. I took a walk around the wharves to see the different ships and steamers from all parts of the world, which are always interesting to strangers. In the evening I went to see the comic opera of "Prince Methusalem," at the Alcazar Theatre, a very pretty house.

Saturday, Nov. 27th. I started on a horse car for Presidio, where are the Soldiers' Barracks. Having gone about half a mile, I got on a cable car for two or three miles up and down a steep hill, and then took a car drawn by an engine for a mile and half; all the ride cost was 5c. As it was Arbor Day, the children and their parents were going to plant trees. The scene looked like a picnic; there were thousands present, and flags were flying. After walking around among the flowers, we heard the band play, after which speeches were delivered. On the way to the beach, I passed some geraniums growing wild in the sand. They were in full flower and in great bunches. I also saw a Chinaman gathering water-cresses. Entering the Golden Gate Fort, I went right through the building, and kept along the coast for about two miles, seeing water-cresses all the way; also some ships that were going out to sea. Presently I came to Seal Rock, which the seals were beginning to climb; there were some very large ones. After walking along the beach I returned to town by the engine and cable cars, after spending a very pleasant day. The weather was all one could desire.

Sunday, Nov. 28th. We went to Oakland, across the bay, visiting the Congregational Church in the morning. It is a fine building, and has a large congregation. The Minister gave us two sermons. I then got on a street car for the cemetery, and thence passed on to Diermont. On

the way the car went through fields. The country hereabout is very pretty. Walking back to the cemetery gate, I got on the car for Oakland. We passed some fine orange trees outside a gentleman's residence. After dinner at Oakland I returned to San Francisco, and attended evening service at Trinity Church, which was two-thirds empty. On the way back I passed a church for colored people, and went in; service had just begun, and the proceedings were very interesting.

Monday, Nov. 29th. I spent the day visiting friends.

Tuesday, Nov. 30th. I started for the Mint, which is the largest in the world. After registering our names, we looked at cases of all kinds of coins. A gentleman then came and took nine of us around the establishment. They were that morning melting three-quarters of a million of sovereigns into American coins. We saw three large blocks of gold; also a man pouring out \$25,000 of melted gold. In another department they were stamping ten dollar gold pieces. We were shown a safe sealed up, containing ten millions of silver dollars. An eighty horsepower engine here did not make as much noise as an ordinary sewing machine.

I was much pleased with my visit to the Mint. Once in a while, I was informed, they burn everything up to get the gold out of it. Out of a carpet thus dealt with, they got \$3,500. I next entered a school just opposite. At 11 a.m. the children stand out in the yard, and go through

calisthenic exercises, to the beat of a kettledrum. In the afternoon I went up to Telegraph Hill, one of the highest points in the city. There is here a large building like a castle, from the top of which a very good view of the harbour and away out to sea can be had. On my way back I went through Chinatown—a city within the city, its people having manners, customs and a civilization distinct from our own, much as obtained in Peking or Canton.

Wednesday, Dec. 1st. A fog having settled on the city this morning, I visited the Police Court and the other Courts, which are held in a very old building, the new City Hall not being ready. When completed, however, it will be a very fine building. I noticed when they swear people in the Courts, that they only raised their right hand, and did not kiss the Bible.

Thursday, Dec. 2nd, it was again foggy, and in the afternoon was, as on the day previous, clear, so I went to Central Park, to witness a game of base ball. They generally play here every Saturday and Sunday afternoon. The "Louisvilles" were playing against the "Californias;" the first are professionals and the latter amateurs. The first team won, 17 to 3. The admission fee was 25c. Only about a couple of hundred people were present; but I was informed the grounds were crowded on Sundays.

Friday Dec. 3rd. I went to Woodwork's Gardens, on the outskirts of the city, where I saw a large collection of wild animals, a marine museum, a conservatory of beau-

tiful flowers, an art gallery, large dancing halls, fine grounds, and many other attractions. Here the admission was 25c. A number of orange trees, covered with fruit, were in the conservatory. The whole was well worth going to see.

Saturday, Dec. 4th. There was great excitement in the city, stocks having risen in value. The streets and sidewalks for blocks around the Stock Exchange were crowded with excited people, a number of brokers having failed during the week, which was all the talk of the city.

Sunday, Dec. 5th, I went to a Presbyterian church in the city. The service was nicely conducted, followed by a very good sermon. The singing is generally done by two gentlemen and two ladies. Afterwards returned to Chinatown. There was hardly any difference there between Sundays and week days. The theatre was open, admission 50c. In the evening I went to another Presbyterian church, which could seat 2,000, but there were only about thirty persons present, there being so many outside attractions. Theatres, base ball matches, trains to the Beach were announced; the band also plays in the Park.

Monday, Dec. 6th, I went to an exhibition of oil paintings in a tent, admission also 25c. There were about 50 large paintings, none of them of much importance. In the evening I went to see a representation of the Battle of Waterloo, inside a large round permanent building; it was on one piece of canvas, lit up by twenty-four electric

lights. Everything on the canvas was so life-like that I enjoyed it for an hour and a half. A descriptive lecture of the battle-ground was given. The exhibition was a grand one, and I was very glad I did not miss it.

Tuesday, Dec. 7th. A cloudy morning, but in the afternoon it began to clear up. I took a steamer to go across the bay about twenty miles, and then by train thirty miles to Sonoma. While crossing the harbour, we saw lots of wild ducks and large fish. Our boat had a stern wheel to go into shallow water. We arrived at Sonoma in the evening, and I went to the Union Hotel, where I was made very comfortable.

My intention in going to Sonoma was to pay a visit to the orange grove of General Valligo, which was about half a mile from the hotel.

Wednesday, December 8th. It was raining all night. I could see from the hotel the whole of the place, which contained 400 inhabitants. It forms three sides of a square. It is noted for grape growing and the manufacture of brandy. Sonoma is situated in the Sonoma Valley, with pretty hills on both sides. The flowers here looked much brighter than in San Francisco. Every one speaks in admiration of the place and of its beauty. The country all around is very pretty, and there are some very fine country residences. About 2 p.m., Mr. Valligo, a son of the General, called for me to go to his father's place. It was still raining. We soon got there, and I stood for some

time looking at those 300 orange trees, each with an average crop of about 1,500; it was very pretty, all the oranges being nearly ripe. Mr. Valligo offered to break off a branch for me, but I declined, as I should have had to carry them 4,000 miles to Montreal. We, however, took some to eat on the spot. Then we next went to the lemon trees, taking also some figs, pomegranates, limes and olives. There were some beautiful palm trees. The finest tree-bearing fruit was the Chinese citron, with large clusters of fruit high up at least thirty feet; they are pear shape, and the size of a good large melon. I was shown a tree, which I believe was called the Penolia, which is the grandest sight on the coast when it is in flower. I had longed to see such a sight as I saw here, but it was grander than I expected. Near the Vinery was a natural living stream of water. There were plenty of flowers here, but I preferred to gaze on the trees. The orange trees are larger than our apple trees. As we were sitting under the portico, Mr. Valligo said, "Look at that sight;" and it was wonderful to see so many different kinds of fruit at the same time. I was more than paid for my hundred mile journey to see it, and if it had not been wet I would have gone to see more groves. General Valligo was the last Spanish Governor of California. I thanked Mr. Valligo, and left with the different kinds of fruit he had given me, some of which I took to Montreal. Soon after I returned to the hotel, a big crowd of men came in to

drink the health of the Deputy Sheriff, who had just been elected.

Thursday, December 9th. As the only train left at 6 a.m., we had to start before daylight ; and as day began to dawn, the country looked fine, and the scenery was beautiful. At the wharf we found the boat, so we went on board again for San Francisco, where we arrived at about half-past nine. A friend took me to visit a fish market. There are a number of them, with all kinds of fish, shrimps and mussels. The best oysters they get from the east. In the evening I went to the California Theatre, which is the largest in the place. The play was the "Rat Catcher," and there were 200 persons on the stage at one time. Cabs are seldom used. The ladies are handsome and dress well, but many of them powder and paint. I saw a great deal of fur worn, especially sealskin sacques.

The houses are generally built of wood. Large buildings are built of brick sanded over. House rent is very expensive, about twice as dear as in Montreal. There are a great number of eating-houses for all classes, and boarding is very cheap. San Francisco is a very wicked city, with few churches, and those very poorly patronized. There are here people of all nations, and Chinese too numerous to mention. The city is built on a range of hills, with water on three sides. Servants are paid very high wages. The smallest coin is five cents. There is no paper

money in circulation. Having stayed here three weeks, I thoroughly enjoyed myself, and found the people very courteous. I called on the few friends I had made to bid them good-bye, as I was to leave on the steamer for Victoria the next day. The distance going back is 3,750 miles, over the Canadian Pacific Railway. Since I left Montreal, six weeks ago, we only had about thirty hours' rain.

Friday, - December 10th, I went down to the wharf to take the Steamer "W. Elder," to go to Victoria, B. C., on my return to Montreal. The steamer sailed out at half-past 9 a.m. I was told she was a terrible one to roll, and as soon as she got outside the harbour she did so in earnest. There were a good number of cabin passengers at lunch; very few, however, were at table in the afternoon. A fog set in, but most of the passengers were in their berths, and there were less again at table to dinner. The boat rolled from side to side all the time.

December 11th, it was raining, and there was a heavy fog. The table at breakfast was quite deserted, a number of passengers being very sick. I had little relish for my meal, and could see nothing owing to the weather. Sails were put out, as the wind was with us. Only about a quarter of the passengers were on deck.

Sunday, December 12th, was wet, windy and foggy. More passengers were visible, and all were in better spirits. About 11 a.m., as about thirty of us were sitting

in the saloon, the boat made a terrible roll, and we were all thrown in a heap on the floor on top of each other. One lady had her hand badly hurt. All had a good laugh when we got to our seats, but during the remainder of the afternoon all held fast to something. It blew a terrible gale, and the sails were taken in. We got into the Strait at 9 p.m. in smooth water, and when we were only about fifteen miles from Victoria we anchored until morning, having made a quick trip, the wind being with us all the way.

Monday, December 13th. We arrived at the wharf at 7 a.m., where the Customs' officers examined our luggage. We were glad to get off the steamer, as the passage had not been very pleasant. I spent the day here in Victoria, and as I have given a description of it before I need not repeat it. I saw some strawberries, second growth, and was presented with some very fine holly. It was showery in the morning, but in the afternoon it turned out fine. In the evening I went on board the Steamer "Princess Louise," as she sailed at 2 a.m. the next morning.

Tuesday, December 14th. The steamer started at 2 a.m. for Vancouver and Port Moody. It was a lovely morning, and the scenery at the entrance of the harbour is very pretty. A fog set in before we reached the harbour, and with difficulty the wharf was made. At Vancouver, after delay of an hour, we started for Port

Moody, and went very slowly, owing to the fog. We could see the new railway being made from Port Moody to Vancouver. When we arrived at Port Moody we found that the New Westminster train had gone, so I took the stage, fare one dollar, distance seven miles, and by train about fifteen. The stage road is a bad one after rain. It is hilly to begin, and the surrounding country is very woody. We soon got into sight of the Fraser River, which is wide, and its waters dark and cold. We passed through a small village about a mile before we reached New Westminster, after a ride of an hour and a half. This place has a population of about 4,000. It has one street of stores running through it; also a few blocks in the street near the river. The other houses are scattered over the hillside. A great number of dogs were roaming around. I saw some parties fishing on the wharf, some wearing straw hats. There is nothing attractive, except the scenery. There is one leading hotel, the "Colonial." The place is noted for its fine salmon, and the fish canning houses do a large business; there are also some saw mills.

Wednesday morning, December 15th. It was raining so that I could not see anything. I found things selling very dear. I left New Westminster at 1 p.m., or 13 o'clock by the C.P.R. time, and went $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the Junction to meet the train from Port Moody. They charge 60 cts. for the distance, seven cents a mile. When we got to the Junction, the Company had a number of men to carry

the luggage and mails across a bridge, which had fallen through a wash-out. After a short delay, we started, passing along the Fraser River. As, however, it was raining all day we could see but little.

Thursday, December 16th. A fine morning. We were going up a valley, with hills on each side, close by the river. The ground was covered with a little snow. A red flag was out on the track, so we went slowly to see what was the matter. A number of men were repairing a wash-out. As we went up higher and higher the mountains began to get larger and larger. Soon after there was no snow on the ground. We passed a chain of lakes, with the reflection of the mountains gleaming beautifully on the water. At Eagle Pass the mountains became higher, with very narrow passes between them. After coming through we began to descend. The trees are very large, principally pine and cedar. I saw an eagle flying. When the engine whistles it is like a scream re-echoing through the mountains for some time after. New stations were being built at all the stopping places in the mountains. We were four hours late; but it was made up, as the time-table gives sufficient time to do so. At the Glaciers it was snowing a little, and was quite misty, so that I could not see much. The Company had an engine and snow plough ready for use in case of need. A number of men were shovelling snow. We went from Donald to Field

after dark, and as it is the finest sight in the mountains I was sorry to miss it. There was only one decent house seen during the entire day, which was a kind of farm house. After supper, at Field, a large engine was attached to our train, as we had a steep place of eight miles to ascend—the steepest place on the line. As I looked out, it being night, the head-light of the rear engine threw the light on one side, so that I could see the great depth of snow that was on this mountain. We soon got to the highest point, where two rivers begin their course, one flowing to the Atlantic and the other towards the Pacific. Trees grow and appear to flourish at this great height on the top of the mountains.

Friday, December 17th. When I awoke I thought I was at the sea-side, as the prairie, with all its little undulations filled with snow, looked so much like the ocean. The first station we stopped at was Lilley. The only buildings were the station and section house, with a few acres fenced in. Nothing was to be seen except the prairie, until we crossed the river, and arrived at Medicine Hat. Here I saw an Indian encampment on the river side, and several painted Indians and their squaws came to the station to sell buffalo horns, etc. Some of the Indians had their dogs drawing loads. Some of the Mounted Police were also at the station. After staying here about an hour we went on to Dunmore, where the North West Coal Co. load their coal into the C.P.R. cars.

Their mines are a little west of Medicine Hat. There was not much to see until we came to Maple Creek, where a great number of Indians came on board the train, most of them painted. Some had feathers in their hair. We soon left the station, after several passengers had bought horns. As darkness set in it became stormy and cold, and at 9 p.m. it was snowing hard, and was intensely cold. We had been running all day along the prairie, which was partly covered with snow. I saw a large white bird. I did not know what it was, but was told it was a pelican.

Saturday, December 18th. This was a fine cold morning. A good deal of snow was on the ground, and passengers began to come on the train as we drew nearer to Winnipeg. ~~We stopped at Brandon to change engines.~~ As we were behind time again, in the morning we began to make it up, so as ~~to~~ get into Winnipeg early. The only animals I ~~saw~~ during the day were some rabbits. At Winnipeg a number of the passengers stayed over a day. I went to the Grand Union hotel, which is one of the leading houses there, and has everything first-class and reasonable in price. The weather was very cold.

Sunday morning, December 19th. I went to the Congregational Church, but it was terribly cold—10 below zero, though it seemed to me to be much below that. In the afternoon I paid a visit to the Military School, and was very much interested in it. Preparations were being

made to decorate the place for Christmas. I seemed to like Winnipeg better the more I saw of it. About 6 p.m. I went to the station to start again for Montreal. The twenty-four hour system is used from Port Arthur to Port Moody. There is one hour difference in time east and west of Winnipeg. Winnipeg is very quiet on the Sabbath. The very cold weather did not keep the folks from being out; and they all seemed to enjoy it.

Monday, December 20th. When I awoke in the morning it was snowing, and the land was covered with a great depth of it. The country was woody, and I did not see much until I came to Fort William, which has a mountain in the shape of a Fort. It is quite a large village, with some nice dwellings. One gentleman lost his pocket book on the train, and, as his ticket and money were lost, he stayed over at Port Arthur. Another gentleman offered to assist him, but was refused. There were about 10 inches of snow on the track. We arrived at Port Arthur, where we stayed about an hour. I noticed a number of steamers laid up for the winter. I believe that Port Arthur will be a large place in the near future. During the night we travelled around Lake Superior, and on *Tuesday morning, December 21st*, we were getting into Chapleau. Owing to a broken switch, our train had a small accident, which caused us to go off the track. It was made all right, however, in about an hour. Chapleau is growing

to be a considerable place, and I noticed a number of new houses going up.

There was not much to see but woods and water, which was frozen over, until we came at night to North Bay, which is a large place. A number of passengers got off here, as it is a junction for Toronto. The scenery was not so interesting as when I went up. There was then no snow on the ground. During the night we stopped at Pembroke, Carleton Junction and Ottawa; and on *Wednesday, December 22nd*, I arrived at Montreal, on time, after a trip of about eight weeks, which I found beneficial in many respects. I met a number of nice people, whom I found very kind; I also made some good friends, to say nothing of the pleasure the trip gave me. I would strongly advise any one who can spare the time, and I might say it was not very costly, to take the same journey, as I am sure that they would never be sorry for doing so.



APPENDIX.

A STRANGE INDIAN CUSTOM.

The abominable custom of flattening their heads prevails among the Indians of North Western America.

Immediately after birth the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle, formed like a trough, with moss under it.

One end, on which the head reposes, is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then placed on the forehead, with a piece of cedar bark over it, and by means of cords passed through small holes on each side of the cradle, the padding is pressed against the head.

It is kept in this manner about a year, and is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression, is frightful, and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. When released from this inhuman process, the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity.

They deem this an essential point of beauty, and the most devoted adherent of our first Charles never entertained a stronger aversion to a round head than these savages.—*Ross Cox's Adventures on the Columbia River.*

AN ORCHID FLOWER WHICH LOOKS LIKE A WHITE DOVE.

THE HOLY GHOST FLOWER.

There is a strange, beautiful orchid, to which the Spaniards, who conquered South and part of North America, gave the name of the Holy Ghost Flower. The name seemed so appropriate that it has clung to it ever since. It is found rather abundantly in the hot countries already named, but in the north it is a shy bloomer; and a Holy Ghost Flower coming into blossom is something of an event. There are very few orchid houses in America. The plants are both tender and troublesome. A few wealthy persons have isolated plants in their hot houses, but even these are not common. The finest collection of orchids in America is probably in the Botanic Gardens at Washington.

Orchids are fertilized by bees, moths, butterflies, and various insects. A very strange property belongs to many of them. Their bloom takes on a weird, inexplicable resemblance to the insect, which carries the pollen from one flower to another. In case of the sphinx moth this resemblance is startling.

The resemblance of the heart of the flower to a white dove is very marked. That is whence the plant gets its name. Before the bud is fully opened a sort of hood covers the dove. As the flower expands, the flowers of some are so irregular and grotesque that they are absolutely beyond description. Some orchids are epiphytes, living only on air, apparently. Bind one of them fast to a post, a piece of pottery, or anything of that kind, simply to hold it, and it will grow and thrive as though its roots were planted in the earth.

